*Nur.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly breſt,
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe,
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawde in blood,
All in goare blood, I ſounded at the ſight.
*Iu.* O breake my heart, poore bankrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes, nere lookt on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe one heauie beere.
*Nur.* O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had,
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
*Iu.* What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord,
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are gone?
*Nur.* *Tybalt.* is goue, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
*Romeo* that kild him he is baniſhed.
*Iuliet.* O God, did *Romeos* hand ſhed *Tibalts* blood?
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
*Nur.* O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face.
*Iu.* Did euer dragon keepe ſo faire a Caue?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall:
Rauenous doue, feathred Rauen, woluiſh-rauening lambe,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of diuineſt ſhow:
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſainr, an honourable villaine:
O Nature, what hadſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou didſt power the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was euer booke contayning ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
*Nur.* Theres no truſt, no faith, no honeſtie in men,
All periurde, all for- worne, all naught, all diſſemblers,
Ah wheres my man? giue me ſome *Aqua. vitæ*?





Theſe griefes, theſe woes, t
Shame come to *Romeo*.
*Iu.* Bliſtered be thy tong
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſh
For tis a throne where hono
Sole Monarch of the vniuer
O what a beaſt was I to chid
*Nur.* Will you ſpeake w
*Iu.* Shall I ſpeake ill of hi
Ah poore my Lord, what to
When I thy three houres wif
But wherefore villaine didſt
That villaine cozin would h
Backe fooliſh teares, backe t
Your tributarie drops belon
Which you miſtaking offer v
My husband liues that *Tibal*
And *Tibalts* dead that would
All this is comfort, wherefor
Some words there was worſe
That murdered me, I would f
But oh it preſſes to my memo
Like damned guilty deedes t
*Tibalt* is dead and *Romeo* bani
That baniſhed, that one wor
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tiba*
Was woe inough if it had end
Or if ſower woe delights in fe
And needly will be wranckt w
Why followed not when ſhe
Thy father or thy mother, nay
Which moderne Lamentation
But with a reareward followi
*Romeo* is baniſhed to ſpeake tha
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Rome*
All ſlaine, all dead: *Romeo* is b

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34